

## The Rugged Prospectors.

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This is a true story. It happened in 1895.

"There's no way, Becker, for us to keep soul and body together till spring except to go into the mountains and cut wood."

"And freeze our fingers and our noses and our feet. We may as well starve to death."

"It won't be long. This is the early part of January. The spring 'll be along in a couple of months, and we can go to prospecting again."

"Prospecting? How many years have I been digging holes in the ground for nothing. I tell you, Trimmer, I'm through with prospecting, and as soon as I can get a regular job I'm going to take it."

"But you can't get a job just now, and we've nothing to eat. Come, cheer up. It's always darkest before day."

The two rugged, discouraged men climbed the mountains of Calaveras county, Cal. There was a chance of their making some thirty or forty dollars a month, on which they could easily live and buy some clothes, but it was a sad come-down from the rosy dreams with which they had begun to hunt for a fortune. They found an old abandoned miner's cabin, in which they made their home, a dispiriting place in which to live, for it was a perpetual reminder of another's failure. But they were not hunting for gold in this region; they were keeping themselves alive.

Every morning as soon as it was light the sound of their axes rang in the wood and continued till the early winter twilight came on. Cord after cord was stacked up, each cord representing days of hard labor. Meanwhile a snowstorm came down on them and covered the ground to a depth of two feet. The prediction as to frozen members was not verified, for there was plenty of wood to keep up a fire.

"We've got such a pile of brush here from chopped off branches," said Trimmer to his partner one afternoon, "that we'd better get rid of it."

So they touched a flame to it, and it was soon roaring and crackling, sending out a pleasant heat. It melted the snow beneath it and left an area of hot ground.

"Here's a good chance for a roast," said Becker. "I'm going to make an oven in this hot earth, and we'll cook our deer meat."

"A good idea," replied Trimmer. "We haven't any currant jelly, but the haunch will taste pretty good without it."

So Becker began to dig a hole for the baking. At the depth of two feet he struck a bed of rock.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "It's hot stone and will keep its heat. Give me the meat."

The venison was brought in a baking pan, and Trimmer was about to place it in the hole when Becker stopped him.

"Hold on till I chip off a piece of the stone to see what it's like," he said.

"I thought you were through with prospecting," Trimmer remarked satirically.

"So I am. This isn't prospecting; it's only yielding to a habit. Any man who has been hunting in the earth as long as we have will want to see everything he takes out."

He broke off a bit of his oven bed, the venison was placed in the hole and covered over, and the two men listened to the welcome sound of its sizzling. Becker took the piece of rock into his cabin, where he lighted a candle, for it was now dark and the brush had burned to cinders. Trimmer was over the oven basting the venison when he heard his partner call.

"Come here, Trim."

Trimmer went to the cabin where Becker was holding the chipping of rock to the candle.

"What do you think of that?" asked Becker, his eyes standing out of his head as big as butter plates.

"What do I think of it? Why, great Scott, man; it's live rock!"

"That's what it is," replied Becker. "Nothing more nor less—that is, if I know live rock when I see it, and I think I do."

"Shake!" shouted Trimmer. "We've struck it, and struck it big."

It was a supper of another kind from roasted venison that the partners partook of—a probable realization of their vanished wild dreams. The meat was savory, but their minds were not on it. They were laying plans. Experience had taught them what to do. They would keep their secret. They would learn the dip angle and the length and breadth of their newly discovered ledge.

Spring came, and the partners were still ostensibly cutting wood, while they were really gathering information. One day Becker went down into the valley, appeared at an assay office, handed in the chip of rock he had broken from the floor of his improvised oven and left it to have it assayed. He went back to the assayers the next day, got his report and started up the mountain. Trimmer saw him coming, but so cautious were the men in guarding their secret that he withheld inquiry till both were in the cabin and the door closed.

"Well?" he asked impatiently.

"Six hundred dollars to the ton," "Rich, by thunder!"

Such is the story of the discovery of the famous Trojan mine. Within a year from the time when Henry Becker dug an oven in which to cook a haunch of venison he and John L. Trimmer had more than realized their wildest dreams.

HENRI INGLEDHEART.

WILLIAM'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in joints, back, groin and head? Have you a shaky appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Druggists. Price 25c. Williams' Med. Co., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

Sold by C. H. Kendrick & Co., Barre, Vt.

## ANOTHER TRIP TO PANAMA

President-Elect Taft Wants Very Much to Go

TANGLES TO STRAIGHTEN

The President-elect Is Likely to Go, With Mrs. Taft, in January—Many Distinguished Callers.

Washington, Dec. 14.—William H. Taft, president-elect, contemplates a visit to Panama before his inauguration.

This visit is approved by President Roosevelt and Secretary Root.

While it has not been finally determined upon, Mr. Taft announced Saturday night that it was his intention to go. Should this be his final decision he will leave the port of Charleston, S. C., probably the last week in January for a trip which will occupy approximately 20 days.

There are many reasons, in Mr. Taft's view, why a trip to the isthmus would be of decided advantage to the advancement of the canal project and consequently to the United States. President Roosevelt's visit proved a decided stimulus to the work and the three visits which Mr. Taft has made as secretary of war all were of advantage.

Mr. Taft feels that this is practically his only opportunity to visit the isthmus during his forthcoming term as president. He has not only a keen interest in the work, but an intimate knowledge of the details of the situation and with the personnel of those conducting the operations there.

The visit, which he is decidedly inclined to make, would put him in direct personal contact with the situation and would give him a clear and up-to-date idea of the methods being employed in the prosecution of the work.

The journey, if made, would undoubtedly be on one of the navy's best ships, and Mrs. Taft, who made the first visit to Panama with Mr. Taft four years ago, would without doubt accompany him this time.

The only objection to the expedition, which has been pointed out by careful students of the law and constitution, is that, pending the official declaration of Mr. Taft as President-elect by the action of the electoral college and his inauguration as President, there is no constitutional or legal provision for the substitution of anyone else in the event of anything happening to him in Panama.

POTTED PLANTS.

Like Caged Birds, They Require Much Attention.

Plants in pots may be compared to caged birds, both being in unnatural conditions. Their requirements must be filled or the results will be unsatisfactory. A free bird or a free plant, having the air, or mother earth around them, can resist wind and dust and dryness, and many other things that interfere with growth; but when in cages or pots they are entirely at the mercy of those who own them. Birds generally fare better than plants. For it is not uncommon to see plants in windows and on railings of verandas day after day, exposed to sun, winds and dryness; the pots are close against the sides; they soon become hard and dry and incapable of transmitting supplies to the leaves and stems. The plant itself, exposed to winds and dryness, reaches a pitiable condition and life soon becomes a matter of simple endurance, depending entirely upon its powers of resistance. The supply of water is often deficient, the dry pot absorbing a great deal, and most of the water running down on the outside of the ball, the centre of the ball being dry.

Pot plants growing in exposed places should have double pots or pot covers, much injury being done by the exposure of the porous clay of the pots to drying influences. There are certain plants that can bear exposure to adverse influences far better than others. Among them are yuccas, aloes, fourcroyas, palms, asparagus, sparganium and a few other plants with thick, leathery leaves. Plants in pots should never be allowed to become dry. Neglect of this kind once may cause more damage to the roots of a plant than it can repair in a month. The ends of a root which they absorb moisture or nutrient. If these are destroyed by drying or decayed by overwatering, the source of supply is cut off from the plant. It has to put out new roots before it can regain its vigor. Hence the importance of care in watering.

New or dry pots should be soaked in water before potting plants, so as to fill the pores, or they will absorb moisture from the soil and dry out the roots. It is a good plan to protect potted plants with covers or set them inside of a second pot to keep the plant from sun or draught. Covers can be made of rice matting and various other materials, or pot covers can be purchased ready made.

Plant root cuttings in two and two and one-half inch pots and repot into larger sizes as the pots fill up with roots. Small plants should never be put into large pots, but advanced as they gain size and strength. If over-potted the soil becomes sodden before the plant grows large enough to require room. It is grows slowly and often makes a complete failure. In repotting turn the pots over, face down, placing the fingers across the top to hold the plant, and gently tap the edge of pot on the edge of a table or potting bench. The plant will slip out easily and the roots can be examined and the plant slipped back in the pot, or potted on, as desired.

If the roots have reached the outside of the ball and formed a network around it, it requires a larger pot—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Tip.

"Did you tip the waiter?"

"Yes, so to speak. I turned him down."

Harvard Lampoon.

## DON'T BE BALD

Nearly Anyone May Secure a Splendid Growth of Hair.

You can easily find out for yourself if your hair needs nourishment, if it is thinning out, getting dry, harsh and brittle, or splitting at the end. You simply have to pull a hair from the top of your head and close examine its root. If the bulb is plump and rosy, it is all right—if it is white and shrunken, your hair is diseased and needs nourishment.

We have a remedy for hair troubles that cannot be surpassed. It has a record of growing hair and curing baldness in 93 out of every 100 cases where used according to directions for a reasonable length of time. It will even grow hair on bald heads, if the scalp is not glazed and shiny. That may seem like a strong statement—it is, and we mean it to be, and no one should doubt it until they have put our claims to an actual test.

We are so sure that Reckall "93" Hair Tonic will cure dandruff, prevent baldness, stimulate the scalp and hair roots, stop falling hair and grow new hair, that we personally give our positive guarantee to refund every penny paid us for Reckall "93" Hair Tonic in every instance where it does not do as we claim or fails to give entire satisfaction to the user. Reckall "93" Hair Tonic is as pleasant to use as clear spring water. It is delectably perfumed and does not grease or gum the hair. We have it in two sizes. Prices 50c and \$1.00. We urge you to try Reckall "93" Hair Tonic on our recommendation, and with our guarantee back of it, you certainly take no risk. Rickert & Wells, the Red Cross Pharmacy, Miles' granite block.

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

An Iron-clad House Plant.

Probably the hardiest plant of all for the house is the aspidistra. It never assumes a great height, as the leaves are borne on root-stocks, giving each leaf the appearance of a plant by itself, but the leaves are often two feet long. The color of the leaf is a dark rich green in plants that have an abundance of plant-food, but in pot-bound or half-starved plants, white stripes are often produced. To secure this variegation, the florists usually grow it in poor soil. The amount of abuse, such as dust, dryness, lack of light and the drafts that this plant will stand is amazing—Suburban Life for December.

The Real Story of the Russian Empire.

Kellogg Durland, who has spent many months in Russia, is writing for Woman's Home Companion the life story of the Russian empire. In the December number of that magazine he writes:

When a certain Count Tolstoy was minister of public instruction, he once appealed to the empress to aid him in extending the educational advantages of the empire to the girls and young women of the country. (I have Count Tolstoy's own permission to relate this incident.)

"The tsarina listened to the minister attentively as he set forth the needs of Russia in this direction, and when he had concluded, she replied that she thought all young girls should be taught to sew, to care for their homes, in short to become helpful wives and good mothers, but as for granting them the privileges of so-called 'higher education,' knowledge of history, philosophy and the sciences—to this she was entirely opposed, because these studies, when offered to women, only resulted in such terrible tears as Russia is now passing through."

This, surely, is a remarkable tribute to the women of Russia—the tsarina holding them responsible for the great movement toward liberty as a result of their education and culture!

THE REAL BOWERY.

Its Day Is Passing, and Few of Us Have Known Its Inmost Complications.

The real Bowery has never been written of, and probably it never will be, because it is swiftly passing. Hundreds of attempts have been made by those who have not even penetrated the surface of its reserve. Its heart and soul—for the Bowery has both, as well as reserve—are a sealed book to the writers. It is a Bowery seen through withered lips of all worlds, drifting back and forth with the endless ebb and flow of the tide, while all about them is the ceaseless activity of commerce, of development, moving onward and upward despite the ceaseless cross current, which no literary mariner, cruising in these uncharted waters, can withstand.

Those who know it best, and have some skill in writing as well as some understanding, are so overwhelmed by its endless complications, its infinity of contradictions—its astonishing goodness and its frightful depravity—the baffling mystery of its wonderful humanness, and its fantastic mystery, that they do not dare attempt to write even what they know. Only one man in all literature could have interpreted the Bowery—Balzac is dead.

Most of us know the Bowery through fugitive newspaper sketches and fear-some, lurid melodramas. The sketches present certain phases more or less intelligible, but the melodramas are weird burlesques, unworthy even of being scoffed at, so far as any consideration of truth is concerned. But these cheap melodramas, endlessly repeated, have built up a fiction that has come to be accepted as the reality—From the December Everybody's.

Triolets.

He said it hurt him worse than me, I didn't hear him crying.

When I was there across his knee He said it hurt him worse than me. I wisht it had 'a done 'fgeel!

I think that he was crying. He said it hurt him worse than me. I didn't hear him crying.

He must have thought it was a treat That he to me was handing. He's been some time since he was beat. He must have thought it was a treat.

His meals next day a-standing. He must have thought it was a treat That he to me was handing.

It wouldn't be so awful bad To get a little licking; If that alone was all I had, It wouldn't be so awful bad.

But 'burt him worse." That makes me mad, It's that that starts me kicking. It wouldn't be so awful bad To get a little licking.

To get a little licking. —Chicago Daily News.

## FLEET IS AT CEYLON

British Crown Colony to Fete Americans

AT COLOMBO YESTERDAY

Will Stay Six Days to Coal and Let Men Rest—Special Trains for Trips to Interior—Ball Matches Arranged.

Colombo, Ceylon, Dec. 14.—The United States Atlantic fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Sperry, was sighted at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. The fleet left Manila on Dec. 1.

The 16 vessels steamed into Colombo harbor, where they are to remain for six days to take on coal and give the men and officers opportunity for shore leave. Colombo, Ceylon, is the first stop on the homeward stretch. According to the original schedule the vessels were to have put into Singapore, but this was changed and they steamed past that harbor without stopping on December 8.

The colonial secretary of Ceylon—the island is a crown colony—has received instructions from London to extend such hospitality to the American visitors as King Edward would like to have shown the United States. The legislative council has voted an appropriation for entertainments, special trains will take the men on excursions into the interior of the islands, base ball matches will be arranged and the officers will be given the freedom of the clubs.

It is planned among other things to present five pounds of tea to each officer and one pound to each man in the fleet.

Ceylon is an island in the Indian ocean off the southern extremity of Hindustan, and Colombo is on the west coast. It has been called the "pearl of the eastern seas." Ceylon has been under British control since 1795. Imperial troops are stationed at Colombo and Kandy, the capital of the island, situated in the interior, and Colombo harbor has been strongly fortified. The population of Ceylon is 3,600,000. It includes 10,000 Europeans and 2,500,000 Sinhalese. Colombo has a population of 100,000.

HIPELESS OR EMPIRE EFFECTS.

Predominate in Official Decrees on Ladies' Styles.

Toledo, O., Dec. 14.—The edict has gone forth.

To be officially correctly gowned, milady will have obeyed these decrees: Two-piece tailored suits. Hipless and half-fitted jackets. Outaway and straight fronts, 34 to 42 inches long, and 30 to 36 long for misses. Long, narrow coat sleeves.

Skirts—To be gored and of diminished fullness, with a tendency to high-waisted effects. Three-piece suits—Without sleeves, with net or lace yokes, or made to be worn over waist with hipless jackets. Outaway fronts, predominating. Long, small sleeves.

Tailored dresses—One-piece complete dresses in both princess and raised waist effects. Gimpes dress more particularly for misses and juniors.

Separate coats—Hipless and semi-fitted, cloth jackets with some tendency toward outaway effects. 32 to 42 inches long for ladies, and 30 to 36 inches long for misses. Coat sleeves.

Coat tailoring or touring coats—Half fitted empire or hipless effects, 52 to 54 inches long.

Silk and satin coats—All lengths. Separate skirts—Similar to suit skirts, but show more trimming mainly in vertical effects.

After agreeing upon the above new spring styles, the National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' association today at its semi-annual convention elected the following officers: President, Sam'l Schofield, Toledo; Secretary, Ed. Kling, Chicago; Treasurer, H. S. Livingston, Cincinnati.

JOHN L. GETS HIS DIVORCE.

Ex-Champion Alleged Wife Had Deserted Him.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—John L. Sullivan was Saturday granted a divorce from his wife, formerly Annie Bates, by Judge Barnes.

In his suit filed last Wednesday, Sullivan declared that his wife had deserted him 18 months after they were married. This was 25 years ago. He further declared that although he had several times gone to her home in Centerville, R. I., to get her to return to him, she had refused him.

Last July Sullivan filed a suit for divorce in Brooklyn. It was then reported that he was to marry to high Brooklyn, where the suit in Brooklyn was withdrawn.

A copy of the decree will be served upon Mr. Sullivan at her home in Centerville, R. I. Sullivan is believed to have brought his suit for the purpose of abrogating any right his wife might have in his estate in the event of his death.

ADE'S ROMANCE MERE MYTH.

Reported Engagement to Elsie Janis a Joke.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—George Ade left Saturday afternoon for a trip around the world, a bachelor and heart free, and not as the fiancé of Miss Elsie Janis, despite a double-barrel rumor to the contrary.

In tracing the report which joined Mr. Ade and Miss Janis in prospective wedlock, it was found that it had its source at a little supper given at the Chicago Athletic association Thursday night after Miss Janis had finished her night's work as the "fair co-ed."

Someone in jest suggested that Mr. Ade, prior to his departure for Europe, should announce his engagement to Miss Janis. Some of the guests present took the announcement seriously.

"It's a joke, of course," said Mr. Ade, "but it's no joke with me. It's a chestnut. No personally, I would not mind it, but rumors of that sort place the young woman whose names are mentioned in a false light."

One of the plans received by Mr. Ade prior to his departure was the building of a theatre on Brook farm, where he intends to produce all his plays.

## THE REALM OF FASHION

The Ttory of a Man Who Was Stung.

THE LATEST IN SUIT CASES

New Turban Hat That Plays Hide and Seek with One's Face—How It Is Worn—Narology, the Newest Fad of Society.

My Dear Eliza—I must tell you about Dick's latest fiasco. It's just lovely. You know that tremendously stunning friend of his—the Wall Street man who gives him "straight tips" and "sure things" on the market? Well, last week he put him wise on something—I don't remember exactly what, but a thing that went up and up and made Dick feel very "tippy" and Mabel, myself, see visions of a pointed fox set of furs supposed to be out of reach this winter.

By some occult means Dick sensed that a suit case would exactly square things between the Wall Street sage



OF BLACK OTTOMAN HILK.

and himself. So the other day these two dabblers in stocks hid themselves to a Broadway leather shop which, after "purveying" to the king of England, graciously lets America have some of the leftovers at greatly advanced prices. It was crass idocy of Dick to turn a man with the right idea of appointments loose in this shop.

But it's not up to me to reason why. You know what happened. Of course you do, dear Mr. W., quite by chance, picked up the latest and most expensive suit case in the place, commonplace enough looking on the outside—the usual plaid—but, vanity of vanities, a traveling dressing table inside. Not content with the ordinary bestowal of toilet articles in a strapped row all about the inside of the case, this addition de luxe had the latest "fittin'" wrinkle, a leather easel, on which were hung all the bottles, brushes, manicure tools, etc., one never has time to use on a hurried suit case trip. What advantage is the easel? First, to quote the shopman—I dropped in yesterday to see Dick's financial Waterloo—"the weight is evenly distributed in the bottom of the case, and the easel can be lifted out at the end of the journey and set out on the dressing table."

Dick is a dead game sport, so, seeing his finish, he was determined to die smiling and suggested that a solid silver traveling clock be added to the sterling military brushes, oval mirror and other appointments. His courage mounting with the occasion, he ordered a case for neckties to be fitted in one corner of the case, and would you believe it, a silver jewelry box was anchored on the other side! Oh, yes, and that nifty man objected to the razor that came with the set and had an extra safety one that costs \$5 put in! At this stage of the game Dick began to realize that he was being made a too easy mark, so he was that sardonically sarcastic, wholly devilish

Light—but nutritious  
Plain—yet delicious  
Eat all you want of them  
Eat all you can of them  
**Uneeda Biscuit**  
5¢ In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk.  
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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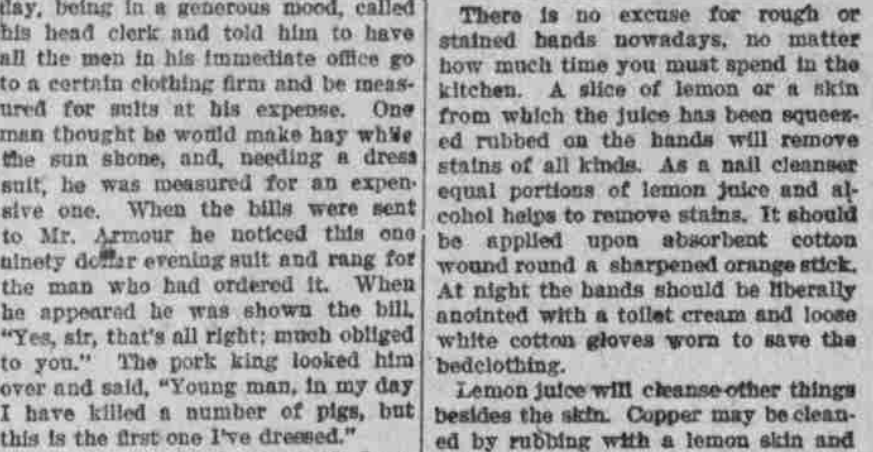
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There are just heaps of other things I wanted to tell you, but I am due at the nasologist's. Everybody is having her fortune told, you know, by a Frenchwoman who reads what is in store for you from the shape, lumps and marks on your nose. I have always supposed that this facial organ only revealed habits of intemperance by its hue, and that not infallibly. But the nasologists say that this is a grossly ignorant misconception of an exact science. Ever most sincerely yours, MABEL.

Turkey Served With Stuffed Onions. The bird can be filled with a broad dressing seasoned with herbs or chestnuts or a cracker one with oysters to suit the taste of the family. If onions

are not used in the dressing they can be parboiled and then stuffed with sausage and baked or stuffed and not parboiled, but steamed until tender. Arrange about the turkey as illustrated.

The Lemon as a Cleanser. There is no excuse for rough or stained hands nowadays, no matter how much time you must spend in the kitchen. A slice of lemon or a skin from which the juice has been squeezed rubbed on the hands will remove stains of all kinds. As a nail cleanser equal portions of lemon juice and alcohol helps to remove stains. It should be applied upon absorbent cotton wound round a sharpened orange stick. At night the hands should be liberally anointed with a toilet cream and loose white cotton gloves worn to save the bedclothing.

Lemon juice will cleanse other things besides the skin. Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth or chamois. Iron rust and ink stains may be removed from linen by rubbing with lemon juice and salt and then exposing the spot to the sun. For feverishness and unnatural thirst soften a lemon by rolling it on some hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar, working it down into the lemon with a fork; then slowly suck the lemon.

Fernery For Holiday Gift. A little fernery that will delight the person who receives it can be easily made from two crescents of birch bark laced together with light green baby ribbon. Make loops of the ribbon by which it may be hung and the day before Christmas fill your "cane" with moist earth, plant in it a tiny asparagus fern and one with a wider leaf. These may be bought for 5 cents each and will keep fresh for weeks if moistened with a few drops of water each day.

You can prepare a Christmas morning surprise for your family by sowing a week before some daisies in rich earth. On Christmas morning transplant the seedlings to half walnut shells, which must be glued to little cards with "Greetings" on them and tied with little red bows. Put one at each plate at the breakfast table and see the delight they are sure to produce. If you can get some very small ferns you can add one to each fernery.

St. and St. Our neighbors? Well, they're hard to beat. I hate to make complaints. But half the people in our St. Would aggravate a St.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR  
Hair falling out? Troubled with dandruff? Want more hair? An